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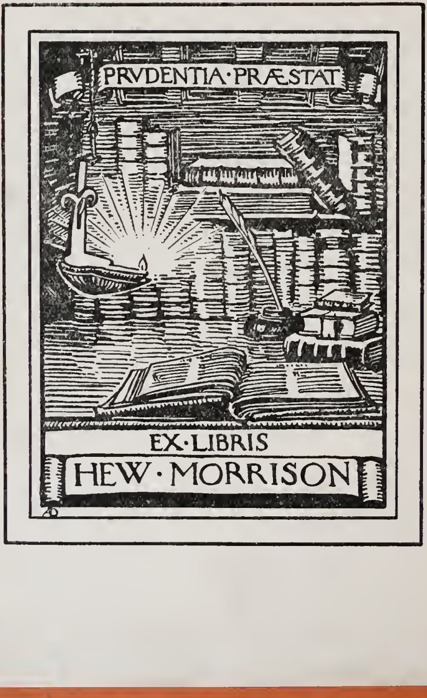
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ORAN AN T-SEANN FHLEASGAICH.

"San thug an soghal car asam."—*D. Ban.*

Tha 'n fortan tur a' treigsinn
Nan daoine glice, gleusda,
Is motha tuigs' is leirsinn
'S is geire na càch;
Se 'n dream a bhios gun fhòghlum
A mheudaicheas an stòras—
Se gassain mhosach, spòrsail
Gho morachd a ghnath;
Gur tric a chi mi posda
Bean mhalda, bhanail, bhoideach
Ri duine ruamach, gromach,
Gun fhoghlum gun snas,
'S gur tric a bhios gun cheile
Fear meashair, dreachmhor, beusach,
Bhios uiseachda, gleusda,
Gun eucail bhi ann.

Gur neonach leam an saoghal,
'S ann tha mi fein a' saoilsinn
Gun toir e'n car so daonnan
A' daoine bhios geur;
Cha 'ni a mhisg no ghoraich
No idir gainne foglum
A chuir mi so a chomhnuidh
Gun storas gun spreidh;
Ged tha mi 'nis a' m' aonar
Gun neach a thig a m' fheoraich
Am bothan iosal, ceoar
Gun solas fo n ghrein,
Bha mise maiseach uaibhreach,
Ro' mheasail am measg uaislean;
San tha mi 'nis cho suarach
Ri buaichaille spreidh.

'N uair bha mi ann am thuath 'nach
An Lagganban nan cluanag
Cha robh iad ormsa suarach
Na gruagaichean gu leir;
S' an am sin bha mi guanach—
O b' annamh snas mo ghruaige
Bu mheachair dearg mo ghruaidhean—
'S luaithead mo cheum;
O 's ioma te le 'm b' annsa
Bhi posda rium 's an am sin
Mu 'n d' rinn an oige m' fhagail
'S mu 'n d' fhailnich mo dheud;
Ach 'nis a ta mi aosda
'S mo phearsa ghlan air aomadh;
'S cha toir na h-iona gaol domh
Is gaoil ann am chleith.

Donull Mac Callum.

The College, Glasgow.

LOVE.

(TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.)

In the hours of midnight dreary,
When the Driver turns the Bear,
And the tribes of mankind weary
Sleep so soundly, freed from care,—

At my door then Cupid standing,
Knocked the bars with all his might;
"Who," I asked, "is now disbanding
All my dreams thus late at night."

"Open, friend," was his reply,
"Let your heart be not afraid,
"Quite a little child am I;
"Wet, this moonless night I strayed."

Cupid, by the tale recited,
Made me to his art exposed;
Quickly then the lamp I lighted,
And the door for him unclosed.

I beheld him in the portal
Quite a child as he had told,
With his wings yet seemed immortal,
With his quiver dipped in gold.

By the fire he seemed so pleasing,
While, indeed, with tender care,
All the water I was squeezing
From his locks so soft and fair.

When the heat the cold disarmed,
"Come," quoth he, "let us make sure
In how much my bow is harmed,
For suspense I can't endure."

Nimbly then the bow he bendeth,
And the shaft that hurteth badly
Straight into my heart he sendeth,
Leaping up and laughing gladly.

"Now, rejoice," he cried, o'erjoyed,
"For the bow, I do perceive,
By the rain is not destroyed;
In thy heart yet thou shalt grieve."

Domhnull Mac Callum.

University, Glasgow, 1st March, 1875.

ODES OF HORACE IV., 7.

TO TORQUATUS.

THE snows have melted quite away;
The fields are decked with flowrets gay,
And leaves on branches quiver:
Her circling changes earth repeats,
Within its narrow bed retreats
The softly murm'ring river:

The Grace unrobed and sisters twain
With merry Nymphs wide o'er the plain
Now tread their lightsome measures.
The hour that steals the happy day—
The fleeting seasons seem to say
"There are no endless pleasures."

In spring the zephyrs softly blow:
Then comes the summer's burning glow
That sure to die remaineth
Till lavish autumn round us pours
His mellow fruits in bount'ous stores;
Then sluggish winter reigneth.

Yet all the losses nature bears
The swift revolving moon repairs:
But in the regions dreary
Where Venus' son deserving well—
Where Tullus rich and Ancus dwell
There dust and shade shall we be.

Who knows the will of heaven's powers?
To-morrow, time may not be ours,
The present quickly fadeth.
What'er of gold the time you live
To self delight you wisely give
The greedy heir evadeth.

When once in death you lie so low,
And Minos judge in realms of woe
Has passed his sentence o'er you;
Not noble birth, Torquatus dear,
Not eloquence nor pious fear
Shall e'er to live restore you.

Nor from the realms of shadows black
Can fair Diana now bring back
Hippolytus ill-faring:
Unhappy Thesus cannot rend
The cruel chains that bind his friend
Pirithöus too daring.

DONALD MACCALLUM.

The College, Glasgow.

GLENORIE.

[A GLEN NEAR BARBRECK HOUSE, CRIAGNISH.]

Of all the land thou art the pride;
The winding streamlets sweetly glide
Adown thy mountains hoary,
No other glen beneath the sky
For lovely groves with thee can vie
My charming dear Glenorie.

How fair thou art when virgin May
Bedecks the meads with flowrets gay;
When breezes soft are blowing
'Mong tender buds that quickly fade
And towering trees that friendly shade
Thy river slowly flowing,

When o'er the hills Aurora bright
Advancing shoots her beaming light
The woods and dales adorning,
The moorcock crows on heather braes
The warbling laverock tunes her lays
To greet the early morning,

How dear it is on sunny days
To watch the lambkins o'er thy braes
In idle sports contending;
To list when birds on every spray
In one melodious thrilling lay
Their sweetest notes are blending,

How sweet to rest at evening hours
Within the fragrant wildwood bowers
That grow around thy fountain;
To see the glowing sun decline
Among the clouds that golden shine
Beyond the distant mountain.

To hear the roaring waterfalls
That dash adown the shelving walls
And send the circles waving
Across the lake so calm and fair
Where ducklings wanton free from care
Among the reeds are laving;

When Phœbus deigns the day to close
And Luna chaste her mantle throws
Of silv'ry brightness o'er us;
The nightingale then sweetly sings
Reposing on her little wings,
And lapwing screams her chorus,

DOMHNULL MACCALLUM,
University, Glasgow, 12th Feb. 1875.

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MORT GHLINN-CHOMHAN.

Soraidh leat O Ghleann mo ghràidh
Tha ridht' an diugh a' d' leine bhais;
As do dheigh gu brath, gu brath,
Cha bhi 'm bard ach deurach, brōnach.
Tha do ghaisgich uaibhreach, staiteil
Measg na mhortadh air an āireamh;
'S tha do thighean nis 'nan laraich
Far an d' araichadh nar n-ōig' sinn.

Anns an fheasgar bha sinn aobhach,
Gabhail òran, shunntach, aotram;
Och! mo dhuibhail! 's beag a shaoil sinn
Bhi cho sgaoilteach fo am éiridh:
Gun biodh cuid 'nar leabaidh leòinte;
Cuid 's na cuidhean sneachda reòidhte;
'S anns a' choill gu 'm biodh an corr dhinn
Caoidh le deoir an dream a dh' eug dhinn.

Dhuisg an raoir an gearan geur mi;
Las mi 'n lochran air dhomh éiridh,
'S chunnaic mi mo mhac 'na shléitrich,
Fhuil ga thréigsinn 's e gun deò ann.
Och! nach mis' a thuit a cheud fhearr,
Chum 's nach fhaicear leamsa m' eudail,
Anns an leabaidh leointe, reubte
Leis na béisdean bha gun trocair.

'Nuair a dh' éirich lasradh gruamach,
Soilleir, dealrach, dian m 'n cuairt dinn,
Sinne fhuair an sealladh fuath'sach,
Cha chuir duan do bhārd an céill e.
Gillean ōg gun anail chitear,
Leanaban maoth' o 'm math'ir gan spionadh,
'S ballachain bheag' gun stadh ri criosgail,
"Co bheir dion duinn, c' ait an teid sinn."

Gu bhi sabhailt cha robh doigh air,
Oir b' i 'n oidhch' bha fiadhaich dobhaidh
Anns am facar fuit Chlann Donuill
    Air a dortadh 's iad gun éiridh.
Ach mur biodh ar n-oigridh suaineach
Nuair a bhuailt' an stailinn chruaidh orr',
Cha robh 'n fhuil air lar gun truailleadh,
    'S cha robh buaidh aig luchd na h-éucoir.

Ach 'bhi moirte 's gu 'm b' fhear leam
Na gu 'n doirtinn féin le m' lamhaibh
Fuil an dream bhiodh ruim cho baigheil,
    'S iad gun sgath gu suaineach, samhach.
Riamh cha 'n fhacas dream cho scolta,
Dream cho fuilteach air bheag trocair
Ris na daoin' a shuidh aig bord leinn
    'S a ghabh comhnuidh leinn mar chairdean.

'S iomadh nighneag fhoinnedh, bhoidheach
Dh' fhagar leo gun aite comhnuidh,
Anns an fhasaich fhuair gun solas,
    Gun neach beo ann ghabhas truas dhi.
'S iomadh math'ir tha 'n diugh fo leireadh,
Caoidh gun fhois a mic 's a céile;
'S iadsan reoidhte 'm fuil a cheile,
    Sneachd ag éiridh ard mu 'n cuairt orr'.

'S bochd da-rireadh mar a dh' éirich;
Do chuid ghaisgeach air an reubadh;
Aig do naimhdean do chuid spréidhe;
    'S iad 'nan sléitrich do chuid chomhnuidh.
Soraidh leat O Gleann mo ghraidh
Tha ridhte 'n diugh a d' leine bhais;
As do dhéigh gu brath, gu brath,
    Cha bhi 'm bard ach neurach, bronach.

Domhnull Mac Callum.

University, Glasgow, 12th Jan., 1875.

PRINCE CHARLES' FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Soraidh slan le m' chairdibh gradhach;
Feumaidh mise 'nis ar fagail,
'S bithidh mi chaoidh gun chuid, gun aite
Gus an carai mi fo'n talamh:
O! gur mis' an duigh tha tursach,
Bronach, deurach, briste, bruite;
Sud am bat' bheir mi o m' dhuthaich
Tighinn d'ar n-iounsuidh nios gu cala.

Ris cha'n fhaic mi tir na'n Gaidheil,
Far an tric na beanntan arda
Le'n cuid alltaibh mireach, gaireach
Ruith gun tamh tro' fhraoch s tro' chreagibh;
C'ait' am faic mi cnuic cho boidheach,
Uillt cho lubach, coilt' cho oirdhearc,
Far an cluinnt' gu fonnar, ceolmhor
Guth nan smeorach bheag san fheasgar.

Chaoidh cha chluinn mi fnaim na Gaelic
Blasda, suairce, cridheil, baigheil
Tighinn gu'm chluais o bhilibh chairdean
'S iad ga'm fhailteachadh mar Phrionnsa:
'S O! cha chluinn mi ceol na pioba,
Leam ra eisdachd b'ait dar ireadh;
Ceol na clarsaich no ceol fiodhle
Cha tog m-inntinn dhuthach thursach.

Fhionn' ghal ghaolich soraidh slan leat;
Thug thu mi om' naimhdibh sabhailt'
S' dh'fhag thu mi fo phian le gradh dhuit
O nach sta dhomh fuireachd co-ruit:
O! mo nionag 's tu bha blath rium,
Aoibheil, laodhach, coimhueil, cairdeil;
Dhomsa bithidh do chuimhne gradhach
Anns gach ait' an gabh mi comhnuidh.

Nuair a bhios mi fad' air asdar,
'S tric a chi mi ann am aisling
T-iomhaigh chiadach, chiuin, ro mhaiseach
M-algne dh 'fhag mar osaig luaineach;
'S goirt a rinn mo chridhe leonadh
Bhi toirt cul rim' chailin bhoidheach,
Flur gun mheang a freumh chloinn Domhnuill
Dh'fhas mar noinean geal nam bruachan.

'S O! gu brath cha'n fhaic mi tuilidh
Comunn cruadalach nan curaidh
Maith gu direadh aird' a mhonaidh,
Chleach bhi ullamh, oirdeil, guanach;

Ri! gum b' eibhinn leam air faiche
Na fir lughmhor, chalma, ghasda
Da'n tig feileadh pleata, ballach,
    Boineid ard is breacan guaille.

'S mor a dh' fhulaing clann n' an Gaidheil
La Chul Fhodair air mo sgath-sa;
Le fuil chraobhach na 'm fear aluinn
    Dearg mar scarlaid bha na lointean:
'S truath nach dh'fhuaradh mis' am shineadh
Fuar, gun deo le m' ghaisgich riomhach,
Sheas mo chuis gu duineil, dileas,
    'S chaoidh nach striochda fad 's bu bheolad.

Riamh cha deachaidh mach fo eideadh
Arm co cliuiteach na co treun riu,
Ged a dh' fhagta mort' le cheil' iad
    Leis na dheirich le Righ Deorsa;
'S mor an duibhail leam na laoich
Bheachdeil, dhana, uasal, ghaolach
Bhi nan sleitrich air na raontaibh
    'S am fuil phroseil, ghlan bhi deorta.

Ciamar, ciamar, O! mo chruadail,
Thuit air lar na fleasgaich uaibhreach,
Blath ri cheil' 's ri naimhdaibh gruamach,
    Chleachd bhi buadhmhor anns na blaraibh:
Feudaidh Sasunn 'nis bhi sporsail
'S taing ro mhor thoirt mar a dhortaichte,
Buaidh bhi aca air na leoghnaibh
    'S fathast Deors' an Righ bhi sabhailt.

Och! si Alb' an diugh tha deurach,
Caoidh nan gilean oga, treuna
Dh'fhagar leagte, bruite, reubte
    Air na sleibhtibh fuar, gun anail;
Le guth tiamhaidh, bhios trom, tursach
Seinear marbhrannan nam iuran
Riamh ri naimhdibh nach tug calthaobh
    'S chaidh fo'n iur le'm feileadhaibh tartain.

Och nan ochan! 's mis' tha bronach,
Fad' om' dhuthaich 's mi ga'm fhogradh;
Chaoidh cha'n fhaigh mi tuilidh solas
    Fad is beo mi fein air thalamh:
Soraidh slan le m' chairdibh gradhach;
Dhol a nun thar chuamtibh saile
Feumaidh mise 'nis 'ur fagail
    Fon tha 'm bata deas gu taruing.

Craignish. DONALD MACCALLUM.

1876.

Welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
O what joy that thou art near!
On thy birthday I shall see
All the friends most dear to me.

Far away from banks of Clyde,
In the Highlands then I'll be;
Where the streamlets wand'ring glide
Down their channels pure and free.

Land of mountains high and proud,
Wrapt in Winter's spotless shroud,
Underneath the sun-lit sky
O what place with thee can vie?

Blooming all the seasons round—
But refreshed by north-winds keen;
Smiling daisies aye are found
On thy pastures fair and green.

Pure and chaste thy daughters be,
Graceful in their modesty—
Soft as flowers in early May,
Where are maids so sweet as they?

Welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
How I long at home to be,
'Mong the hills of peace and cheer,
With the friends most dear to me.

D. M. C.

ODES OF HORACE, II., 3.

TO DELLIUS.

When adverse things beset you round,
Let not your heart be drooping found,
And when in wealth you shall abound
Refrain from endless revelry;

For Death, my Dellius, none will spare—
Not him that pines with wasting care—
Not him at ease on flow'rets fair,
That much enjoys his jollity.

Why do the pine and poplar white
In shady bowers their arms unite?
Why do the streamlet ripple bright
Adown the steep declivity?

Bring wines and perfumes to that glade,
And bring the blossoms soon to fade,
Before your youth and life be staid
By cruel Fate's dark agency.

Your home and groves you soon must leave—
For Tiber's Villa you will grieve—
Your thankless heir will soon receive
The wealth you piled so miserly.

Tho' sprung from Kings of ancient sway—
Or poor, and sprung from meanest clay—
It matters not, you're still the prey
Of him who knows no clemency;

For to one goal we all must go,
And soon or late to all below
The fatal boat our lot will shew
That exiles all eternally.

Dnald MacCallum.

The College, Glasgow.